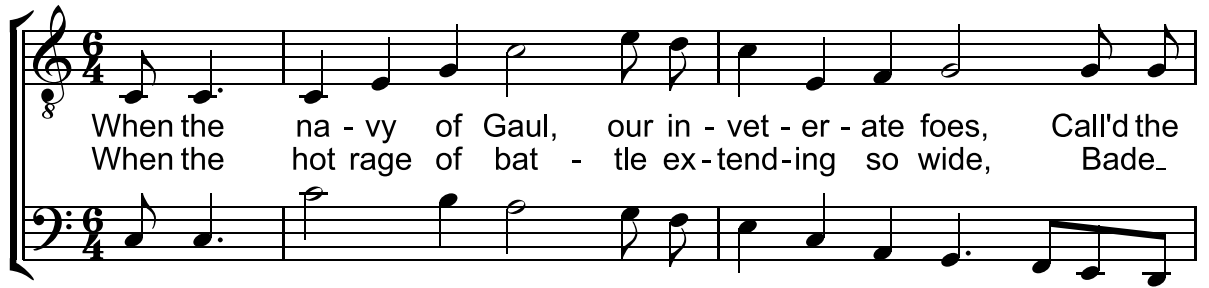


Death and Victory

Text from Ballads Catalogue, Johnson Ballads 2082 (Bodleian Library website)

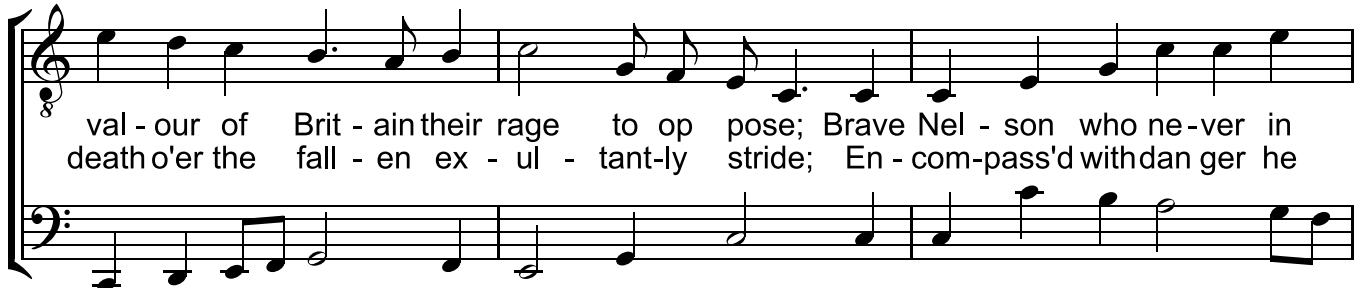
Tune : "To Anacreon in Heaven"

TENOR



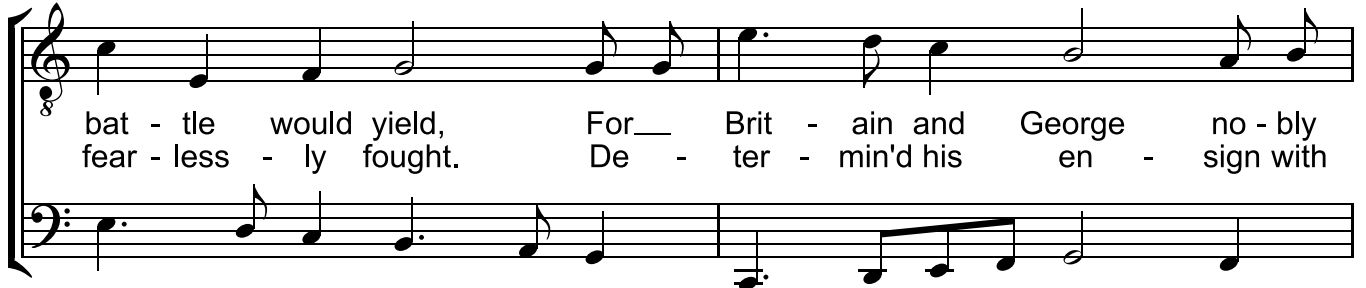
When the na - vy of Gaul, our in - vet - er - ate foes, Call'd the
When the hot rage of bat - tle ex - tend - ing so wide, Bade_

3



val - our of Brit - ain their rage to op pose; Brave Nel - son who ne - ver in
death o'er the fall - en ex - ul - tant - ly stride; En - com - pass'd with dan ger he

6



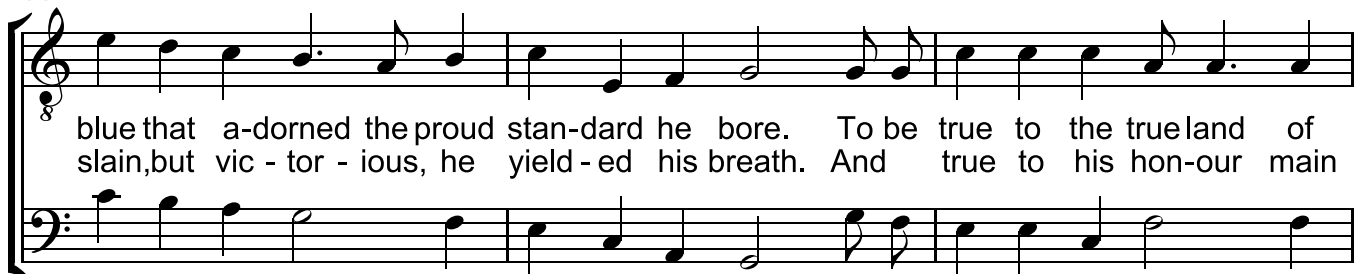
bat - tle would yield, For_ Brit - ain and George no - bly
fear - less - ly fought. De - ter - min'd his en - sign with

8



en - tered the field, To be true to the true land of free - dom he swore; As the
life should be bought, And true to his hon - our main tain'd it in death; When

11



blue that a - dorned the proud stan - dard he bore. To be true to the true land of
slain, but vic - tor - ious, he yield - ed his breath. And true to his hon - our main

14

8 free dom he swore; As the blue that ad-orned the proud stan-dard he_bore.
tain'd it__ in_death; When slain but vic - tor - ious, he yield - ed his_breath.

17

When the hot rage of battle extending so wide,
 Bade death o'er the fallen exultingly stride;
 Encompas'd with danger he fearlessly fought.
 Determin'd his ensign with life should be bought,
 And true to his honour maintain'd it in death ;
 When slain, but victorious, he yielded his breath.

His remains were sent home to his dear native land,
 With the standard, which dying he grasp'd in his hand,
 And an eloquent token of praise to the brave,
 The flagstaff was planted beside his cold grave,
 Where as gratitude's tear wou'd the spot oft bedew,
 Thus moisten'd - at length to a laurel it grew.